And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they doe ſquare, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
Fa. Either I miſtake your ſhape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that ſhrewde and knauiſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſſelead night wanderers, laughing at their harme?
Thoſe, that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they ſhall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?
Rob. Thou ſpeakeſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of (the night,
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neyghing, in likeneſſe of a filly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſippes bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crabbe,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime, for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh mee:
Then ſlippe I from her bumme, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare
A merrier hower was neuer waſted there.
But roome Faery: here comes *Oberon*.
Fa. And here, my miſtreſſe. Would that he were gon.
Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, at another, with hers.
Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu.

Qu. What, Iealous *Oberon*? Fairy ſkippe hence.
I haue forſworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton. Am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the fartheſt ſteppe of *India*?
But that, forſooth, the bounſing *Amaſon*,
Your buſkind miſtreſſe, and your warriour loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and proſperitie.
Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, *Tytania*,
Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing, I know thy loue to *Theſeus*.
Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Quee. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie:
And neuer, ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a beard: